

AIRS, DUETTS, TRIOS, &c.

IN THE

NEW PANTOMIME

OF

The Choice of Harlequin :

OR,

*The* INDIAN CHIEF.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

*Messink*

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L O N D O N :

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Harding D1600



CHITON

1. *Chiton* - 1. *Chiton*

2. *Chiton* - 2. *Chiton*

3. *Chiton* - 3. *Chiton*

4. *Chiton* - 4. *Chiton*

5. *Chiton* - 5. *Chiton*

6. *Chiton* - 6. *Chiton*

7. *Chiton* - 7. *Chiton*

8. *Chiton* - 8. *Chiton*

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## CHARACTERS,

Harlequin,	"	•	Mr. BATES,
Keeper of Bridewell,		•	Mr. EDWIN,
Lieutenant,	-	-	Mr. DAPLY,
Groom Porter,	"	-	Mr. DOYLE.
Clown,	•	•	Mr. STEVENS,
Virtue,	•	•	Mrs. MARTYR,
Pleasure,	•	•	Mrs. MORTON,



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S O N G S, &c.

IN THE

NEW PANTOMIME

C A L L E D

*The Choice of Harlequin.*

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RECITATIVE.

V I R T U E, (*speaking to Harlequin.*)

**A**RISE!—behold, commission'd from above,  
I come, th' immortal minister of Jove :  
Let V I R T U E guide thy inexperience'd youth,  
And lead thy footsteps to the paths of truth.

A I R.

Let not pain or toil dismay thee,  
Fashion rule, or vice betray thee;  
Guilty pleasures cannot last,  
Crackling thorns are quickly past;

B

Flash

Flash with momentary fire,  
Blaze awhile, and soon expire :  
Solid joys unmix'd with woe,  
Virtue only can bestow.

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RECITATIVE.

PLEASURE, (to Harlequin.)

Turn thee from that brow austere,  
A fairer form invites thee here;  
Tun'd to notes of softest measure,  
Listen to the voice of pleasure.

---

RECITATIVE.

VIRTUE.

Beyond that steep ascent and rugged path,  
Where hangs yon dreadful precipice, uplift  
Thy wond'ring eye, and on that height sublime  
Behold my temple, fill'd with demi-gods,  
And heroes fam'd of old!—if thou hast strength  
To climb with me, a life of endless bliss  
And wreaths immortal shall reward thy toil.

RE,

( 3 )

RECITATIVE.

PLEASURE.

From threat'ning rocks and dreary prospects turn  
Thy frightened eye to level paths that court  
Thy willing feet, where wreath'd with many a  
flower,  
With odorous shrubs and scatter'd roses strew'd,  
Uprises fair, the palace of delight.

---

D U E T T.

V I R T U E.

Lift not to her flattering tale.

P L E A S U R E.

Let my friendly voice prevail.

V I R T U E.

Make my temple still thy home.

P L E A S U R E.

Hither, hither, hither come.

V I R T U E.

Sons of Fortune, come and see.

B O T H.

Follow, follow, follow me.

B 2

A I R.



## A I R.

## P L E A S U R E.

Come, and feast thy ravish'd fight  
 In the regions of delight;  
 Bacchus in his rosy bower,  
 Waits to crown the festive hour;  
 Lovely with attractive charms,  
 Venus wooes thee to her arms:  
 Haste thee, gentle youth, and prove  
 The sweets of liberty and love.

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## C A T C H.

*1st Gambler.* Pass the box.  
*2d G.* Come, pass it faster.  
*Groom Porter.* Seven the hazard, four the caster!  
*3d G.* The odds!—two hundred here to one!  
*Caster.* With you, sir!  
*3d G.* Done!  
*Caster.* And you, sir!  
*4th G.* Done!  
*5th G.* Come, cover, cover.  
*6th G.* Set about.  
*Cast.* Here goes—here goes.  
*Groom Porter.* The Caster's out.

C H O.



## C H O R U S.

*(The one half singing the two first lines—the others the last.)*

Eight hundred gone! that hellish fice!  
Such luck! O curse the box and dice!  
Eight hundred gain'd! that lucky fice!  
Well done! well done! good box and dice!

*Groom P.* The box is your's, fir.

*1st G.*

Come, the main.

*Groom.* A seven.

*2d G.*

Fifty!

*Caster.*

Done!

*3d G.*

Again,

*4th G.* Five hundred!

*Caster.*

Done!

*6th G.*

Again!

*Cast.*

With you.

*6th G.* I've lost a thousand.

*1st G.*

I've lost two.

I'll try again, whate'er befall,

A thousand!

*Caster.*

Done, I set ye all.

*2d G.* Throw, throw.

*3d G.*

Ay, now the sport begins.

*Cast.* Here goes.

*Groom.*

A nick; the Caster wins.

C H O-

CHORUS (*as before.*)

Four thousand pounds! that hellish sice!  
Such luck! O damn the box and dice!  
Four thousand gain'd! that lucky sice!  
Well done, well done, good box and dice!

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S O N G.

BRIDEWELL-KEEPER.

Ye Scamps, ye Pads, ye Divers, and all upon  
the lay,  
In Tothill fields gay sheep-walk like lambs ye  
sport and play,  
Rattling up your darbies, come hither at my  
call,  
I'm Jigger Dubber here, and you're welcome to  
Mill Doll.

*With my tow row, &c.*

At

At your insurance-office the Flats you've taken  
in;

The game you've play'd, my Kiddy, you're al-  
ways sure to win :

First you touch the Shiners—the number up—  
you break,

With your insuring policy ! I'd not insure your  
neck.

The French with trotters nimble, could fly from  
English blows,

And they've got nimble daddles, as Monsieur  
plainly shews :

Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd, ay thump  
away Monsieur,

The hemp you're beating now, will make your  
solitaire.

My peepers, who've we here now ! why this is  
sure Black Moll ;

My ma'am you're of the fair sex, so welcome to  
Mill Doll :

The cull with you who'd venture into a snoozing  
ken,

Like blackamoor Othello, should put out the  
light, and then——

I think,



I think, my flashy coachman, that you'll take  
better care,

Not for a little bub come the slang upon your  
fare :

Your jazy pays the garnish, unless the fees you  
tip,

Tho' you're a flashy coachman, here the gagger  
holds the whip.

### C H O R U S.

We're escamps, we're pads, we're divers, we're all  
upon the lay,

In Tothill-fields gay sheep-walk like lambs we  
sport and play;

Rattling up our darbies, we're hither at your call,

You are Jigger Dubber here, and we're forc'd  
for to mill doll.

*With our tow row, &c.*



P A R T II.

RECITATIVE.

V I R T U E.

At length, repentant youth, with joy I see,  
Mistled by pleasure, thou return'st to me,  
Henceforth my steps if thou pursue,  
And keep me ever in thy view.

---

A I R.

Smiling Fortune shall befriend thee,  
Hymen's joys shall still attend thee;  
Every blessing thou shalt know,  
Which Peace and Virtue can bestow.

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SCENE—*A Prison.*

A I R.

FIRST PRISONER.

Alas, sir, I fear we are in for our lives.

SECOND PRISONER.

For stealing three shillings.

THIRD PRISONER.

For marrying three wives.  
A pious old Doctor has shewn me the way,  
And has brought me to this by his *Thelyphthora*.

*Chorus.* Could you knock off, &c.

C

FOURTH

## FOURTH PRISONER.

I lent my friend money, and lo, in the end,  
 Too common a case, lost both money and friend;  
 For prudently *he* made the best of his way,  
 And kindly has left me the reck'ning to pay.

## FIFTH PRISONER.

Would you think it? an impudent harlot has  
 swore,  
 That I made her by force,—what she was long  
 before;  
 And unless some good friend gets me out of the  
 scrape,  
 'Tis a hundred to one but I'm hang'd for a rape.

## SIXTH PRISONER.

Behold a poor bard, an unfortunate wight,  
 Whose piece was unluckily damn'd the first night;  
 When my butcher and taylor were rather severe,  
 And have sent me to finish my tragedy *here*.

CHO.

## C H O R U S.

Then knock off our chains, sir, on this happy  
 day,  
 And your humble petitioners ever shall pray.

---

## S O N G.

## M I D S H I P M A N.

Come, my boys, let us go, since again we are free,  
 Let us haste to the empire of freedom, the sea,  
 Where each proud usurper we'll boldly dethrone,  
 And tell 'em that kingdom was always our own.  
 We owe the French something for tricks t'other  
 day,  
 The debt of a drubbing, which gladly we'll  
 pay,  
 Their bravadoes we'll scorn, and their threats  
 we despise,  
 We yield but to conquer, and sink but to rise;  
 With Parker and Rodney, we'll trim the Moun-  
 teers,  
 We'll tickle the Spaniards, and wing the Myn-  
 heers.



## II.

One William preserv'd our religion and laws,  
 And another now rises to plead our great cause,  
 This brave, gallant youth, is a true Britain born,  
 His King he'll defend, and his country adorn.  
 Each hardship, each danger, he'll boldly defy,  
 For Digby shall teach him to conquer or die.  
 Tho' the waves have been rough, and the wind  
     in our teeth,  
 We smile at misfortune, wounds, shipwreck and  
     death;  
 And still hope, my dear boys, that by shifting our  
     fail,  
 At last we shall meet with a prosperous gale.

---

 RECITATIVE.

## V I R T U E.

Thanks, noble youth, thy debt of honor's paid,  
 My voice is heard, and my commands obey'd;  
 My laws thou hast observ'd with due regard,  
 And soon shalt thou receive the bright reward.

Safe



Safe in the arms of beauty's Queen,  
 Transported to the blissful scene,  
 Where fortune first indulgent smil'd,  
 And blest with wealth her darling child;  
 There sh ill the nuptial knot be ty'd,  
 In all the pomp of eastern pride.

---

## S O N G.

L I E U T E N A N T.

As you mean to set sail for the land of delight,  
 And in wedlock's soft hammocks to swing e'very  
     night,  
 If you hope that your voyage successful shou'd  
     prove,  
 Fill your sails with affection, your cabbin with  
     love.                      *Fill your sails, &c.*

Let your heart, like the main-mast, be ever  
     upright,  
 And the Union you boast, like our tackle be  
     tight;  
 Of the shoals of Indiff'rence be sure to keep  
     clear,  
 And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.  
                                     *And the, &c.*

If

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,  
They must reckon themselves, give the helm  
to their wives;

For the evener we go, boys, the better we fail,  
And on ship board the helm is still rul'd by the  
tail.

*And on shipboard, &c.*

Then list to your pilot, my boy, and be wise;  
If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims de-  
spise,

A brace of proud antlers your brows may  
adorn,

And a hundred to one but you double Cape  
Horn.

RECITATIVE.

P L E A S U R E.

All-subduing goddess, see,  
Pleasure comes to join with thee.

V I R T U E.

Then let us join the social lay,  
And celebrate this happy day.

---

EPITHALAMIUM.

V I R T U E.

Her choicest gifts with lavish hand,  
See, smiling plenty pours,  
Whilst peace, at Hymen's soft command,  
Lights up the chearful hours.

Still shall each fresh returning spring  
Its earliest roses shed,  
And Flora all her tribute bring,  
To strew the nuptial bed.

P L E A-



PLEASURE.

Brisk youth, exulting god, shalt lead  
His fair attendant, joy,  
To crown with bliss his best lov'd  
maid,  
And grace his favorite boy.

Whilst the gay nymph and jocund  
swain  
In festal chorus move,  
And Venus joins the sportive train  
With harmony and love.



CHORUS.

Thus let us join the social lay,  
And celebrate this happy day;  
The bands which vice and folly weave,  
Soon will loosen and deceive.

Virtue's adamantine chain  
Still unbroken shall remain.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Happy must the union prove,  
Form'd by virtue and by love.

THE PROCESSION.



